

CHRIST THE HOPE OF ALL THE WORLD



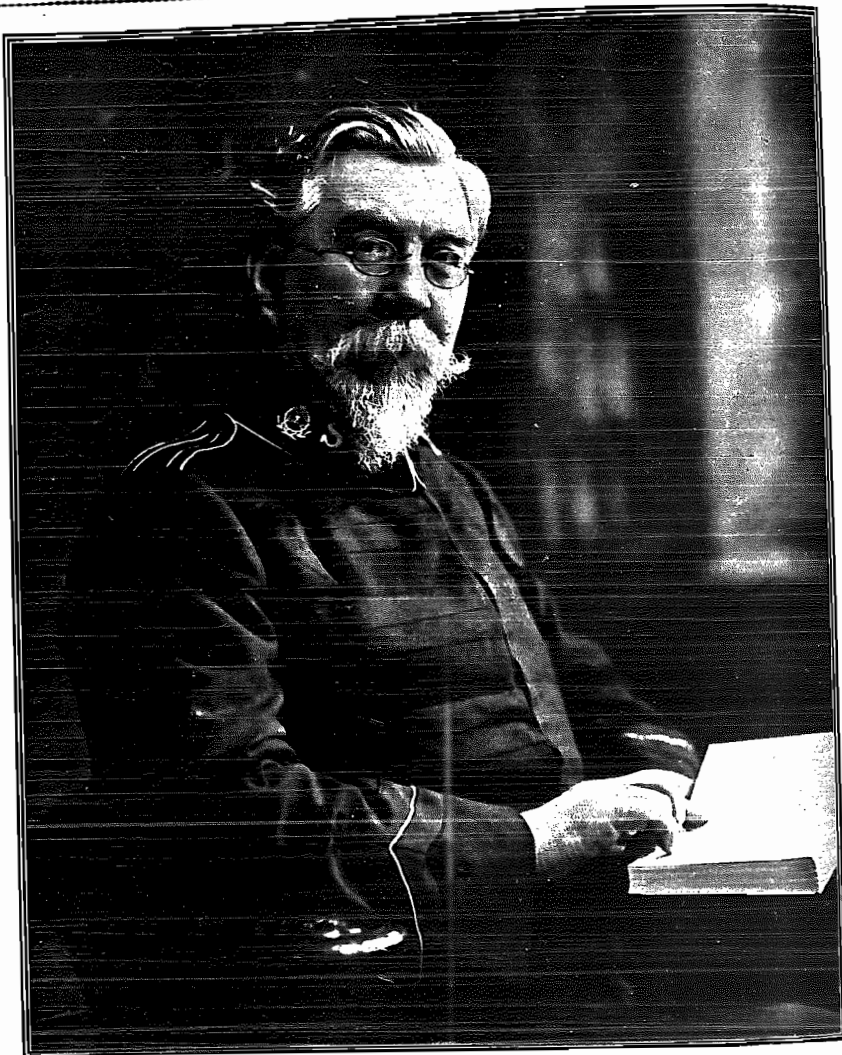
THE
**WAR
CRY**



EASTER
NUMBER
TORONTO
APRIL 19TH 1919

I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE

PRICE FIVE CENTS



COMMISSIONER T. HENRY HOWARD

Chief of the Staff from 1912 until his retirement from Active Service in February of this year. Is now undertaking a world-wide visitation of the Salvation Army on behalf of the General.

COMMISSIONED TO PROCLAIM TO ALL MANKIND A LIVING SAVIOUR

THE GENERAL Urges Immediate Response

(SOME EXTRACTS FROM A RECENT INTERVIEW)

I CANNOT help realizing that this is a very solemn time in the history of the world; that it is a moment in the life of mankind which is pregnant with influences that must have a tremendous bearing upon the future. And I feel it is also a time of the greatest import in the history of the Church of Christ.

VITALLY IMPORTANT TO HUMANITY

Everyone who really considers the marvellous influences which are at work must see that events immediately ahead of us are going to shape for a long period to come a great deal that is vitally important to humanity. Nations and peoples are rearranging themselves. New combinations are being formed, new inspirations voiced, among the various races, from Lapland to Peru, from Dublin to Peking. The principle of self-government and the contention that the State is responsible for the weak as well as the strong members of the community are going to make a mighty difference for the future. New ideas have gone forth which will live while time endures. New thoughts are on the wing; new hopes have been born.

In the Church of Christ, amongst the people of God, surely there is also stirring! A new love for the world's welfare—a new humanity—a new perception of God's requirements that is opening the door for a new earth as well as a new heaven.

Do you not see that this appeals to me because the Army belongs to the Church of God? When I am asked by my friends of the Anglican Communion, or the Roman Church, or by my friends of the Free Churches, to what the Salvation Army belongs, I reply, "We belong to the Great Church—the Church of the First-born—the Church of the Living God!" It is my conviction that every Salvationist is a true lively stone built into that Everlasting Temple, whose Chief Corner-stone is Jesus Christ and Him crucified. And it is because I believe and feel like this about the world that I perceive the Army's business is to go forth under the authority of the old and first Commission given to the Apostles, "Go and disciple all nations!"

MISSED THIS GRAND VOCATION

If one thing more than another is accountable for the comparative helplessness of much of the religious life round about us, it is that it has missed this grand vocation, yet this is what it was brought into being for. Yes, look where you will, the religious societies of to-day are largely concerned with their own existence, with ceremonies, memberships, and so forth.

Now, I do not want the Army to come to that! As part of the living Church of Christ I say that we are commissioned by Jesus Himself to go forth to all the nations, and that it is just as much a command binding upon us that we should do this as that we should believe in Christ, or should pray, show kindness to our fellows, and confess Him before men.

The vastness of the work before the Army is not hidden from me. I see how mighty are the evil forces arrayed against us. It is now, as it ever was, the enmity of the world that we have to meet; the grossness and selfishness of mammon; the blind, black bitterness of paganism; the idolatry associated with the gods of this world—which is just as real as it was in Paul's days; and worse still, the cold, polished contempt of civilization that wants to take the gifts Christ would give to His people and yet reject the Giver!

But again, I know likewise how desperate is the conflict in the individual. And I want Officers—more Officers—who will at-

tack men one by one! Who, while they have a heart for all the world, are ready to seek the individual soul. Who, in short, will be like unto their Master—

"Mercy He doth for thousands keep,
Yet goes the one lost sheep to seek,
And bring the wanderer home."

I can understand many of our Young People shrinking from the dreadful conflict involved in meeting a world in arms against their Saviour; but I am asking for Officers who will engage the enemy, and battle with the Devil, in the citadel of the single spirit, of the individual soul. All the same, let it never be forgotten that the Army is after the whole world, and not merely a section or group taken out of it. All—All—ALL!

HIS MARVELLOUS RESURRECTION

I want men and women who will go and tell the people of our Saviour, press His claims upon them, get at them with His wonderful Message of Mercy, show them how He lived and died, and how in His marvellous Resurrection He started the triumphant progress of His people to the Throne of God.

Men and women who will give their lives to proclaiming the bursting, conquering power of a new life—a life that is greater than sin and death—the life of God; to proclaiming a Living Saviour, a Healer of disease, a Conqueror of the grave, a Person who comes into the life of every other person who will let Him, grasps them by the hand, and lifts them out of their dark grief and bitter sins.

Many of the best people, if not all of them, are just the people who find it so hard to believe that this wonderful call is to them. Like Moses, they say, "O my Lord, I am not eloquent. . . . I am slow of speech and of a slow tongue." And it is true: yet God forces them to take the step—as He forced Moses by that wonderful demonstration of His Divine Presence and by the thrilling argument with which He overcame his scruples: "Who hath made man's mouth? . . . have not I the Lord?"

It is one of the great lessons of the Army that often the most feeble raw material may become of the greatest value. Never before in the history of Christianity has there been such a practical revelation of the principle contained in Paul's wonderful words, "But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound things which are mighty; . . . and things which are not, to bring to naught the things that are: that no flesh should glory in His presence." Ought not this to encourage our people everywhere?

BY THE POWER OF GOD!

If you ask me how it is done, I answer—By the power of God! First, beyond doubt the Divine Hand is to be seen in the moulding of the clay. The Army, in its training, both while in our Institutions and when the Officers go forth from them, helps in that work, but it only does so to the extent that the Spirit of God uses it.

I make a special appeal, at any rate as regards men, to those who have been in the service of the country. Now's their time! Their lives have been spared, I am convinced, not in order that they might spend them in self-seeking and ease, but that they might devote them to the highest ends to which human life can be given—the Cause of Jesus Christ and the Salvation of perishing souls!

TO MEET PRESENT NEEDS AND EVER INCREASING CALLS Officers are Wanted At Once For:

FIELD DUTY, with its unsurpassed extent and variety of opportunity for helping, blessing, and saving the people.

THE MEN'S and WOMEN'S SOCIAL WORK, with their wonderful ramifications and their unique facilities for translating into everyday service the beautiful language of the Saviour's "nashtuch."

SPECIAL SERVICE for RETURNED MEN and THEIR DEPENDANTS, with all the opportunities for not only saving those most deserving the most effective way, but presenting to those to whom it is the greatest privilege to do so, Christianity in its most practical form.

There is Room in the Salvation Army for All who have
GOOD HEALTH, GOOD WIFE, and GOOD HEART

CANDIDATES APPLY:

CANADA EAST

(Including Newfoundland and Bermuda)
COMMISSIONER RICHARDS
20 Albert Street, Toronto

CANADA WEST

COMMISSIONER SOWTON
203 Confederation Life Building
Winnipeg



ON THE ROOFTOP AT BETHANY

There is
a record
of His
life of
miracles

on record in the Bible account of our Saviour's
life which shows He entered fully into the home
life among whom He spent His days. His first
night at a peasant's marriage feast; His last hours



(Published and copyrighted by the Taber Press Art Co., Springfield, Mass.)

before going up to Jerusalem for the Passover of which He was to
be the Lamb were spent in the home of Mary, Martha, and
Lazarus. The Salvation which is of the Lord touches and influences
every act of every-day life; the Risen Christ is with His people.

AGANE : ZULU WARRIOR AND TIGER-MAN

Agea, cleft for me.

The *Shinner's* resurrection is a powerful message for all who have come death for every man. It is a message of better things, and always better things, for all who believe in the resurrection as hereafter.

In short, the *Shinner's* resurrection is a message of hope for all who believe in the resurrection as hereafter.

HATH ELIJAH ROCKY THE : TWICE : BORN : MAN

S. A. KIRKSPEN

SUMMARY OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

Jim Smith, the main character of this story, had the misfortune to be the son of a drunken, idle, and miserably poor man. He was a very miserable fellow, and he knew what it was to be hungry, cold and ragged. After Smith senior had drunk himself into his grave, Jim made a brave attempt to help his mother by peddling fish. Circumstances clamped for the better when his mother married a well-to-do foreman of a shipyard. Jim could not get on with his stepfather, however, and finally enlisted in the British army. His regiment was sent to Hong Kong, and the record of the years that Jim spent there is filled with accounts of drunken carousals, fighting, and gambling. At length his health broke down and he was invalided home.

PART I—CHAPTER XVIII.

HOME-COMING AND A WEDDING

ONCE more Jim was in England. How glad he was to be again in his native land, with the prospect of a new return to civilian life before him. He was heartily sick of soldiering by this time, but for four weary months he was kept in



Jim before the doctor

Nethley Hospital while the doctors endeavoured to find out from what disease he was suffering. He had only done five years' service, and was liable for another two years unless he obtained his discharge as medically unfit.

He tried desperately hard, therefore, to convince the doctors that he was in a poor way; he was always complaining of great weakness, and pains in back and chest, in reality he was as well as ever he was, but being an adept in the art of deceiving others, he was successfully imposed on the hospital doctors that they at least decided he was not fit for further military service.

WHAT JIM OVERHEARD

There was one final test to pass, however, before he obtained his discharge, and that was an examination by the Chief Medical Officer. For this ordeal Jim knew that he would need all his wit about him, and he was keenly anxious, therefore, to pick up any tip that would guide him as to what answer to make to the questions put to him. While awaiting his turn he overheard the conversation between the doctor and one of the other men who had been recommended for discharge.

"Well, my man," said the doctor, a gruff old fellow of magnificent presence and over-awing manner, "and what do you propose to do when you leave the army?"

"I shall follow the plough, sir, the same as I did afore I enlisted," replied the unsuspecting soldier.

"Aht is that so?" said the doctor, eyeing the man up and down. "Well, if you are able to plough, I think you are fit to be a soldier. You can go back to your regiment."

Jim felt his heart sink at these words. "Oh, dear," he thought, "suppose he should order me to finish my time. What-

ever can I say to make him think I'm useless as a soldier?"

"Number 100, Private Jim Smith. Come on, step this way—look lively there!" It was the orderly sergeant who was shouting out his commands; Jim mechanically obeyed.

BEFORE THE DOCTOR

He stood before the doctor, outwardly calm, but inwardly quaking lest he should make some blunder that would condemn him to further soldiering.

The doctor looked up from some papers he was perusing and fixed his keen glance on Jim.

"Well, my man," he rapped out in a sharp voice, "as you're from Hong Kong, eh? A nice country, I've been there myself. You don't look as if much ailed you. What's the matter with you?"

Jim, trying to look as miserable as possible, said in a weak and quavering voice: "I suffer with my chest and back, sir, and I'm awful weak." "I can't do much."

"How long have you been afeared?"

"About twelve months, sir."

"As long as that, eh? Well, what would you do if you got back into civil life?"

"Oh, sir," said Jim, in a piteous tone, "that's just what's worrying me. I think of it day and night. I hope I shall be able to get a little pension on account of my early service, sir, my cough is very bad to-day—a little pension, I was saying, sir, to keep me from the workhouse. I suppose you couldn't find me anything to do, sir, if you could I should be very grateful."

"The more I see of you now, and he was about to continue his tale of woe when the doctor held up his hand to signify that he should stop.

"There, there, my good fellow; don't look on the dark side of things," he said in the soothing tone one would use to an injured child. "Something will turn up for you and you'll get a little gratuity. You can go now."

FELT LIKE LAUGHING

Jim turned about and marched out of the room, scarcely able to restrain his laughter till he was out of the doctor's hearing.

A few days after that he obtained his discharge and was given five pounds and a suit of civilian clothes. Straight home to Ipswich he went, where his dear old mother was awaiting him, full of joy and expectancy at her son's return. It will be remembered that she had let Mr. Fillett, her second husband, on account of his ill-treatment of Jim, and had set up in business for herself. During the years that Jim had been away she had prospered, and now had a nice little shop in the main street of the town.

It was a high day and a holiday for Jim's mother, and her circle of friends and relatives when Jim came home. A merry party gathered in the house and many fine speeches were made to welcome

home the wanderer. But, alas! they made the fatal mistake of thinking that the event would not be complete without plenty of strong drink. So they drank, and drank, and drank again, wishing Jim good health, good luck, and all sorts of good things. After supper they must perform some happy dance, and so it was, and another gave a toast, and they kept on until all were toasted up together, as drunk as they could be.

How that welcome-home celebration

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HIS STIRRING LIFE STORY IN THREE PARTS:

- I.—Dark Days Without Christ
- II.—Dawning of the Great Light
- III.—Exploits in Salvation Service



"A cup of tea, flavoured with rum"

ended Jim does not know, for he sank into a drunken stupor, from which he did not awaken till late next day. What a home-coming, to be sure! It did not augur well for the future.

As soon as he awoke his mother was at his side to enquire after his welfare. She brought him a cup of tea, flavoured with rum, "to liven him up," as she said.

PROUD OF HER BOY

"How proud I am of you, my darling son," she said, giving him a kiss, "now that you have come home again you can help me in the business and we will get along splendidly."

"That day some more friends who had heard of Jim's arrival came to see him, and, of course, there was more drinking. They said they were delighted to see him, patted him on the back, and called him a jolly good fellow. The fact that Jim was paying for the drinks probably influenced their opinion a good deal.

On the third day Jim sallied forth to have a look at the old town. He soon met some friends, there was more drinking, and he was carried home in a cab that night.

His mother now began to get alarmed at his continued drunkenness.

"I am sorry to see you drinking so much, Jim," she said, "won't you give it up for my sake?"

"Don't worry, I will give it up for your sake," replied Jim, and he honestly meant it.

"I am so glad to hear you say that. God bless you, my dear son; you have made your mother very happy."

For a time it seemed as if Jim was going to keep his promise. He devoted himself to the business and refused to

touch a drop of drink. Prospects looked very rosy for about three months and then, whilst on his rounds Christmas eve, Jim fell in with some acquaintances, who invited him to have a game of cards. Once inside a public-house he fell an easy prey to the temptation to have a drink. He only meant to have one, of course, but the taste of the liquor aroused all his old cravings, and before long he was so drunk that he could not stand. He was carried home by his friends, who relieved him of all the money in his pockets, possibly to repay them for their kind offices.

And at this point we are led to reflect that if it had not been for the accessibility of the drink and the foolish custom of "topping up," Jim would not have fallen a victim. The best way to keep the youth of our land from becoming drinkers is to prohibit the sale of drink for ever.

His mother was broken-hearted over this relapse, and next day she got a temperance worker to come and see her son and induce him to sign the pledge. Jim did this readily enough, and his poor mother believed that all would now be well. But, alas! for her fond hopes.

MUTUALLY ATTRACTED

Shortly after this Jim went with his mother to visit a hospital where a young woman friend of hers lay ill, as was that Jim first met his future wife. They were mutually attracted to each other from that first meeting, and Jim lost no time in cultivating the young lady's acquaintance.

Two months later he asked her if she would marry him, and she consented. During his courtship days Jim managed to keep fairly sober, and thus the girl thought she was getting a steady husband. She was quickly to be undeceived, however.

Three weeks after the proposal they were married at the Registrar's Office. On the way home Jim and his father-in-law dropped in at the White Horse Tap to celebrate the happy occasion by having a drink or two. His wife and his mother went home together, thinking that the men would follow soon after.

As the men stood at the bar drinking success to the marriage, some friends of Jim entered, and insisted on joining in the celebration. They kept it up for six hours, and then Jim and his father-in-law left for home, trying to hold out another day.

UPBRAIDED HIM

The poor little bride was in a dreadful state at the long absence of her husband, and when she saw him come reeling in at the door and realized that he was drunk she commenced to upbraid him.

"Whatever do you mean, Jim, by staying away so long and coming home in this disgraceful condition?" she sobbed. "On

our wedding day, too, it's too bad of you."

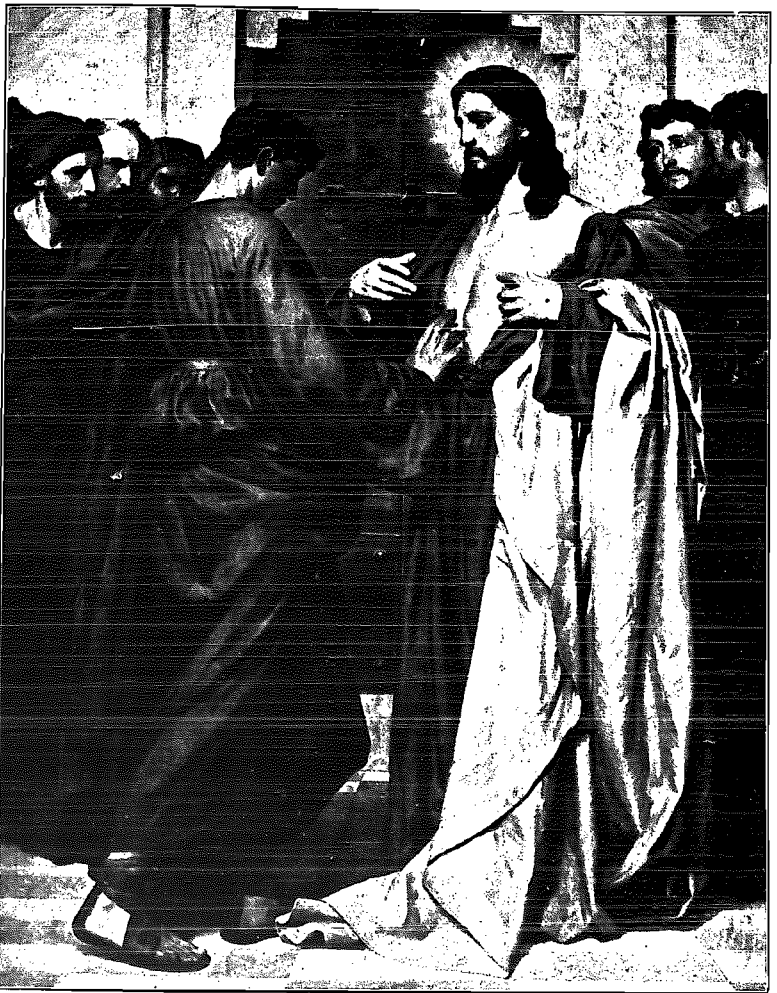
This reception roused the drunken husband to an unreasonable state of anger in which he could brook no criticism or interference.

"Look here, missus!" he yelled out "I'll have you understand from the start that I'm lord and master in my own house and am going to do as I like. Now, take that and shut your mouth."

He then gave her a cuff over the head which sent her spinning to the floor. In such a manner did Jim commence his married life.

(To be continued)

"Hath He marks to lead me to Him?"



[From the Painting by Prof. Antonio Ciseri, Copyright]

"MY LORD AND MY GOD!"

This picture is here not to call to mind the doubts of Thomas, but the reality of the Resurrection of the Saviour who has said I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.

WELCOME HOME, DADDY!



THE SOLDIER'S DECLARATION OF RIGHTS

Every Soldier, by virtue of his own Sacrifice, has a right to all his country can give him, and do for him, which will aid in restoring him to civilian life happy, self-respecting, and, so far as he is able, self-supporting. Canada will see that he and his get a square deal. By virtue of the Sacrifice of the Risen Christ all have right to the Salvation of God, which is the crown of human joy, and without experience of which there can be no real happiness.